

## HOME READING.

## Sometime.

It seems as though we have been learning something new every day. We have seen the world in a new light, and we have learned to love it more and more. We have seen the beauty of nature, and we have learned to appreciate it. We have seen the power of man, and we have learned to respect it. We have seen the love of God, and we have learned to love Him. We have seen the hope of the future, and we have learned to believe in it. We have seen the light of truth, and we have learned to follow it. We have seen the way of life, and we have learned to walk in it. We have seen the glory of heaven, and we have learned to desire it. We have seen the love of God, and we have learned to love Him. We have seen the hope of the future, and we have learned to believe in it. We have seen the light of truth, and we have learned to follow it. We have seen the way of life, and we have learned to walk in it. We have seen the glory of heaven, and we have learned to desire it.

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The struggle began again after breakfast, and, with the exception of an hour's rest at dinner, continued until the next morning at 11, when the Turk rose from the table winner of a million francs. When Demidoff returned to Russia in 1865, he had lost five or six millions at play, though this was a mere drop in the bucket of his enormous fortune. Prince Achille Murat, whose grandfather, the famous marshal, began life as an innkeeper, one day "chaffed" Demidoff's birth, his grandfather having been a blacksmith, who was employed for shoeing Peter the Great's horse. "Neither you nor I should make fun of the people," said Demidoff. "If my grandfather, the Old Blacksmith, had ever gone to the South of France, he might have stopped to refresh himself at your grandfather's inn and your distinguished grandmother would have washed the dishes."—Philadelphia Press.

## Greenwood Lake.

This beautiful sheet of water is located partly in Orange County, New York, and partly in Passaic County, New Jersey, forty miles from New York City, and is reached only by the New York and Greenwood Lake Railway, which is operated as a branch of the Erie Railway.

Situated in the midst of a primeval forest, and partially surrounded by towering hills, and mountains, which in many instances rise abruptly from the water's edge to terminate in rocky bluffs, 1,500 feet above, this scenic attraction of the rarest order. Here, and there, the shore recedes gradually, disclosing a thickly wooded slope which continues far as the eye can reach, the leafy verdure unbroken, except by an occasional strip of rolling farm-land.

Portions of the lake are bordered with shady groves, carpeted with velvet grass and beautiful wild flowers, while among the rocks which form a portion of the shore, are walled and fantastic caves and grottoes, the walls of which are seamed with age, and rich in rare and delicate ferns and mosses.

From the summit of the bluffs overlooking the lake, a boundless view of the surrounding country may be had, and the diversity and beauty of this panoramic display is intensely fascinating.

The lake is a thousand feet above tide-water, and its waters are deep, clear and cold—prime requisites for the comfort and perfect development of its limny inhabitants—and for ages it has been famous for the variety and quantity of its fish. Among the aborigines it was held in the highest esteem as a superior fishing ground, and when civilization encroached upon this territory, the white man soon discovered that the Indian was eminently right in this particular, so that for years before a railroad was built in this section of the country, the disciples of Isaac Walton gladly made his pilgrimage to Greenwood Lake by backwoods or horseback, or on foot if need be, and royally was he repaid for his effort: Here he found game fish of every variety; bass, pike and pickerel being the most prominent.

The advent of the railroad at once placed this famous resort within easy reach of the outside world; and each succeeding season has witnessed a steady increase in the number of visitors, until now they may be numbered by many thousands. For the accommodation and entertainment of visitors, there are six well appointed hotels, located at convenient intervals, on most favorable and attractive sites along the shores of the lake, and the transient or permanent visitor will find every accommodation and convenience, and a moderate cost. While hunting or fishing parties who desire to bring their own baggage, and try a season of "roughing it," will find along the shores, or upon the wooded islands in the lake, any number of choice spots especially adapted to "camping out."

In the deep woods, that from the very doors of these hotels, extend for miles back into the country, the hunter will find plenty of occupation for dog and gun, while the pure, cool, bracing air consequent to such an elevation above the sea level, acts as a constant tonic and invigorant, and imparts to the votary of rod and gun a peculiar zest in the pursuit of his favorite pastime.

This region has been justly named "the sportsman's paradise," and to the sportsman who has but a day or so during the season to devote to his favorite recreation, it offers special advantages. Being located in such close proximity to New York and adjacent cities, the lake may be reached with an economy of time and absence of fatigue, afforded by no other sporting ground in the country.

## A Novel Capture of Deer.

Captain Boyd, private secretary of Governor Eaton, has received a letter from his friend, James S. Scott, of Egger Park, telling of a very novel capture made by him and his two sons. Mr. Scott lives upon the ranch in Egger Park, which is in Rount County, and surrounding him is a country in which there is an abundance of game. That part of Colorado is the hunter's paradise. Great herds of deer and droves of elk wander through the spruce forests and over the open plains. One day a few weeks ago Mr. Scott got up in the morning and found that during the night a hard crust had formed over the surface of the snow, which covered the ground for miles around his ranch. This crust was so thick and strong that it would easily bear the weight of a man. It was just the day on which to hunt elk or deer, for the hunter could run rapidly over the frozen snow, while the elk would have to travel gingerly and carefully to the point of falling down. Mr. Scott and his two sons determined to take advantage of the opportunity and start on a hunt.

They had gone but a short distance from the house when they saw standing among some spruce trees, a short distance away, five magnificent blue elk and four big buck deer. They could easily have shot one or more of them, for, though usually very hard to approach, the animals in this case were not disposed to run away. A lucky thought suggested itself to Mr. Scott, and that was to capture all of them alive if possible. The only way in which he could do this was to drive them into some enclosure, and fortunately he had a large corral near his house which was enclosed with a high fence over which a deer or elk could not leap. Telling each of his boys to run back and open the corral gate, Mr. Scott, with the other boys, then started off with the intention of getting on the other side of the game. The first boy soon had the corral gate open, and then

followed in the tracks of his father and brother.

Mr. Scott and the two boys then posted themselves so as to drive the elk and deer toward the corral when they came near them. The snow crust was slippery and the game could make but slow progress. Slowly and carefully the herds approached the elk and deer, which also moved gradually nearer the corral. It was novel and very careful work, for if the game had taken alarm it would have been impossible to have secured them alive. Soon, however, their efforts were rewarded by success, for they succeeded in driving all the five elk and four deer into the corral. It took them but a few moments to fasten the gate and then the prisoners were secure. The animals are now all doing well and are feeding as contentedly as if they had never known the free life of the forest. It will not be long until they become tame, and Mr. Scott will then probably bring them to some zoological garden.

## Discussing Faith Cures.

The Rev. E. D. Simons of Bloomfield, read a paper on "Faith Cure" at the meeting of Baptist ministers in New York City, some time ago. There was an unusually large attendance of ministers, as the subject has been under consideration for some time. The essayist did not think it proper to imagine that only ignorant people had any faith in a cure by prayer, but at the same time it was well to investigate cases of so-called "faith cure" before accepting them as facts. In his personal experience the author had encountered many instances of people who imagined themselves ill, when upon the excitement of their will power and a pretended faith they recovered. Mr. Simons told one instance of a father reciting to him the troubles of an only daughter. She was afflicted with curvature of the spine, paralysis of the lower limbs, tumor in the stomach, Bright's disease and insomnia, but upon half an hour's devotion to prayer she recovered and is now enjoying perfect health.

Mr. Simons thought that mistakes in the diagnosis of a case would give rise to a supposed faith cure. He characterized Grant's illness as a case of malignant sore throat. He knew of cases of children who had been suffering from some trifling complaint and had been pronounced afflicted with a fatal malady. Their recovery was heralded as a miraculous faith cure.

The essayist attended a faith-cure meeting where the blind and lame and sick came. They were prayed for, they could not see or walk or feel any better. In many cases if they had given up the use of opium they would have made a step in the right direction. "But I believe that prayer helps recovery," said Mr. Simons in conclusion, "and every physician will admit that something beyond himself says whether we shall live or die. The unbeliever calls it nature, but the Christian doctor freely admits that if God wills we should not recover, then all his medicines are in vain. In this sense there is a faith cure."

"I don't know what men mean," said the Rev. W. W. Everts, "when they reject faith cure. You go to a thousand homes and pray there. It is a mockery if there is no faith in it. You all believe in faith cure. There are miracles going on all the while in the church."

The Rev. G. W. Folwell told a story of a deacon in his old church in Wilmington, Del., whose daughter was lying at the point of death, given up by the doctor and nurse. Mr. Folwell met the father and told him the doctor's decision. "No, she will not die," said the father, and she did not, but is living in New York to-day with a large family around her. Mr. Folwell thought that every one had not the faith necessary to cure them.

The Rev. Hiram Hutchins, of Willoughby Avenue Church, Brooklyn, related the cure of his daughter, as he believed by prayer. She was once a teacher in the Asylum for the Blind, at Thirty-third street and Ninth avenue. She declined in health, and rallied after the elders of the church had formed a praying circle around her bed, and she now went about curing others by prayer.

Plant Trees.

The importance of tree planting has been recognized of late to such an extent that several of the States have enacted laws making an abatement of taxes to those who plant and care for a given number, and special days designated "Arbor Days," have been set apart either by law or executive proclamation for the performance of this duty.

Bloomfield is rich in the beauty, number and variety of its ornamental trees, but there is yet room for more. Many property owners are remiss in the matter, and strangely oblivious to their own interests. Others who have set out trees have neglected to trim and prune them, and they have become unsightly and their lower limbs too near the ground for either beauty or the convenience of those who walk or drive under them. All good citizens would confer a lasting benefit by resolutely interfering with those who use the trees as "bulletin boards" for advertisements; and by tearing down, whenever found, any paper, rag, board or other advertisement that may be attached to them. The Town Committee should take the matter in hand, but as they are not guileless in the particular themselves it can hardly be expected they will co-operate very heartily in this until an educated public sentiment demands it. If no law exists upon this subject a little effort could easily secure one empowering the Council for the Township or individuals to prosecute the offenders, and making the penalty sufficient to stop such vandals.

The School Trustees have recently set out at Brookside, Centre Primary and Berkeley Districts, 65 trees, elms and maples. The cost is but little, but the prospective benefits are great.

When the writer moved to Bloomfield in 1870, the most striking feature of the town was the noble row of elms on Bloomfield Turnpike, most of which were destroyed by the infamous Essex County Road Board, which has given us nothing to compensate for this loss and where so called "improvement" is a fraud upon the community.

Who that has ever been in New Haven, Fairfield, Stamford and other places in Connecticut has failed to note the beauty of the elms, and feel an emotion of gratitude to those philanthropists long since passed away, whose monuments outlast the crumbling stone or ghostly marble. Reader, now is the time to erect such an one to your own memory.

## What She Wanted.

Mrs. Sam Smart advertised for a colored servant. An elegantly dressed colored lady put in an appearance. She wanted \$15 a month in advance, which was conceded. She wanted a room with a carpet and a stove where she could receive the visits of "several gentlemen who are payin' me ten shuns." This was also granted, she was to be allowed to attend church all the day Sunday and twice during the week. When a revival was in progress she proposed to come every evening in the week. This and several other concessions were granted by Mrs. Smart, who is fabulously opposed to doing any hard work herself, and who will put up with everything from a servant rather than soil her precious hands.

"And I want him understood about doin' me," continued she would be mendin'. "I likes to eat hearty." We has to hab beakfast or sausage chery mornin', and for myself I want a lunc of cold ham or tongue about 1 o'clock, so I kin hold out till dinner at 1 o'clock. The coffee and the tea comes about half past 5 o'clock in the afternoon, which will make me hold out till tea at 6 o'clock. Good supper I want."

"I say," said Sam Smart, who had listened attentively with growing indignation, "suppose we keep you busy eating all the time, how much more will you charge by the month?"

Newspapers of To-Day.

People generally, and even those who may be termed steady readers and close observers, have but a faint conception of the magnitude and influence the press of this country has attained. From a careful examination of the advance pages of the 1885 edition of the AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, issued May 1st, by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, it appears that there are 14,147 newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada; of these the United States has 12,973, an average of one paper for every 3,867 persons. In 1884 the total number of newspapers was less by 823 than at present, and while the gain this year is not so marked as in some previous years, it is still considerable.

The increase of the number being the greatest, Illinois follows with a gain of 77. It is curious to notice that New York, the scene of so much political activity during the last campaign, should have only about one-third as many newspapers as the State of Pennsylvania. As an index to the comparative growth and prosperity of different sections of the country, especially the Territories, the number of new papers forms an interesting study, and may well occupy the attention of the curious.

Regarding the rebellion in the Canadian Northwest and its results, the Toronto correspondent of *Bradstreet's* writes: "The Dominion government has sent a commission to inquire into the validity of the claims, and no doubt all that come from half-breeds who have not already been allotted lands will be granted. The grants would probably have been made sooner than they can possibly be if no disturbance of the peace had taken place. It has failed in his aim in attempting to get the various tribes of Indians to join his standard; some few may join, but no general Indian war need be feared. The government, which has sent up some 2,500 troops, could probably have crushed the rebellion almost by the unaided assistance of the friendly Indians if it had been disposed to employ them. The value of the Pacific Railway for defensive purposes has been shown, even before it is finished. There were uncompleted gaps north of the lakes of something over seventy miles, over which the troops had had to be teamed. From Qu'Appelle, on the railway, to the scene of the disturbances on the North Saskatchewan, the troops will have a march of over the prairie of from two to three hundred miles. Besides, rifles, Gatling guns, mortars and cannons have been called into requisition."

Crystabel Pennidens, with hot alkaline tears on her damask cheeks, rushed into her mother's and frantically embraced the mantel, and called for a poultice of tea leaves for her aching and wounded orbs. A red sunset glinted on the Western fog, and dark flat-lake shadows spread across over the prairie of from two to three hundred miles. Besides, rifles, Gatling guns, mortars and cannons have been called into requisition."

Miscellaneous.

The bill collector's work is always done before he gets his pay.

The young man who gets smitten with a girl often gets mutton, too.

No part of a man's anatomy will stand so many severe blows as his nose.

A man who occasionally gets in a word edgewise can be called a sharp talker.

It is in the night time that crime stalks rampant and marriage proposals are made.

If beauty is only skin deep, the rhinoceros should have the inside track at a beauty show.

A little girl on seeing a peacock for the first time remarked what a beautiful bustle it had.

A spring poet: "Will they miss me, I wonder?" "If they do, they ought never to tire another gun."

A certain young lady objects to smoking, because it leaves a very unpleasant taste about the mouth.

A naturalist says "a sponge has a nervous system." He may have, but he keeps it well under control.

"Belyadere"—If you are seriously bent on finding a model man, let us recommend the patent office as a field of search.

If a man really knew himself to be so wicked and mean as his mother-in-law often reckons him to be, he'd feel too depraved to hire himself out to a hitching-post.

"Speaking of age," said a withered spinster to a lady, "I should give you fifty years."—"You may keep them yourself," was the reply, "although you don't want them."

"Do you know how old Madame B— is?"—"Yes. Two years ago she was thirty-nine. Last year she was thirty-eight. Of course this year she must be thirty-seven."

"I have neither time nor inclination to pass patergories on the deceased," remarked a Western funeral orator. "Patergories," corrected some present, "An' you please, sir," remarked the orator, stiffly, "the words are anonymous."

Priest: "Pat, I believe I saw you asleep in the church last Sunday." Pat: "No, indeed, your reverence didn't. You might 'a' seen me with me ois shute, but divil a bit o'sleep could I get any-how, wid your screeshin' an' your thompin of the poor cushions."

Old Mr. Squaggs became very thoughtful.

## The Rhinoceros and the Lawyer.

A rhinoceros having run down a lawyer, stood upon the prostrate man for a moment to gloat upon his prize, when his victim made an earnest appeal for his life, claiming that he would some day return the great favor. The rhinoceros deliberated for a while, and then decided to let the lawyer go. Several weeks afterward the beast got in a row with an elephant and killed him, and fearing trouble he went to the lawyer and said: "Now is your time to return that favor."

"Now is your time to return that favor?" "Oh—ah—exactly," stammered the lawyer. "But you are to late. Only last night the friends of the elephant retained me to help prosecute you. Sorry, you know, but first come first served." Moral: When you get a lawyer on the hip never let go.—Detroit Free Press.

The Good Old Mothers—God bless all the good old mothers. I never see an old lady sitting in the arm chair at her ease but I think what storms have pelted into that cheery face without scaring it. It may be that a man can go through more exertion than a woman, but at least it remains true that he cannot without losing his laughter, his good cheer, his gentleness and his love and trust in mankind or God. Yet how rarely do you find a frail old mother whose spirit has been worn threadbare and unlovely by what she has endured. A sweet old mother is common, a sweet old father is not so common. As thy day so thy strength of love, thy riches of an inexhaustible benevolence and hope and faith. This is more apt to be a woman's history than a man's.—Boston Home Journal.

Anciently, in many parts of France, when a sale of land took place it was the custom to have twelve adult witnesses, accompanied by twelve little boys; and when the price of the land was paid, and its surrender took place, the ears of the boys were pulled and they were severely beaten so that the pain thus inflicted should make an impression upon their memory, and, if required afterward, they might bear witness to the sale. Later, when a criminal was being executed, parents whipped their children, so that they might take warning by the example, and keep in the path of virtue.

Two Polish co-religionists were on a journey on a hot summer day. "Have you anything with you, Matthias?" "Yes, a bottle of Hungarian wine. What have you got, Tioff?" "A dry tongue." "Good. Then we will divide our provisions." "Very good!" began Matthias produced a bottle of wine from his wallet, and its contents were honorably divided. After this had been done, Matthias, wiping his mouth, asked his fellow-traveler to bring out his provisions. "I?" answered Tioff. "Why, yes, your dry tongue." "I haven't got one now!" was the reply.

"The local paper," says Whitelaw Reid, "is the best read paper in the world. All the city papers cannot supply the place of the home paper. No other contains the marriages and deaths; no other paper gives the time for the next ball, picnic or political meeting; no other publishes the 'roll of honor' of the public school; no other discusses the affairs of the town and gives in detail the local news, which cannot be obtained from any other source. 'Everybody' reads it, and this is why the local paper is the best read in the world."

Miscellaneous.

The bill collector's work is always done before he gets his pay.

The young man who gets smitten with a girl often gets mutton, too.

No part of a man's anatomy will stand so many severe blows as his nose.

A man who occasionally gets in a word edgewise can be called a sharp talker.

It is in the night time that crime stalks rampant and marriage proposals are made.

If beauty is only skin deep, the rhinoceros should have the inside track at a beauty show.

A little girl on seeing a peacock for the first time remarked what a beautiful bustle it had.

A spring poet: "Will they miss me, I wonder?" "If they do, they ought never to tire another gun."

A certain young lady objects to smoking, because it leaves a very unpleasant taste about the mouth.

A naturalist says "a sponge has a nervous system." He may have, but he keeps it well under control.

"Belyadere"—If you are seriously bent on finding a model man, let us recommend the patent office as a field of search.

If a man really knew himself to be so wicked and mean as his mother-in-law often reckons him to be, he'd feel too depraved to hire himself out to a hitching-post.

"Speaking of age," said a withered spinster to a lady, "I should give you fifty years."—"You may keep them yourself," was the reply, "although you don't want them."

"Do you know how old Madame B— is?"—"Yes. Two years ago she was thirty-nine. Last year she was thirty-eight. Of course this year she must be thirty-seven."

"I have neither time nor inclination to pass patergories on the deceased," remarked a Western funeral orator. "Patergories," corrected some present, "An' you please, sir," remarked the orator, stiffly, "the words are anonymous."

Priest: "Pat, I believe I saw you asleep in the church last Sunday." Pat: "No, indeed, your reverence didn't. You might 'a' seen me with me ois shute, but divil a bit o'sleep could I get any-how, wid your screeshin' an' your thompin of the poor cushions."

Old Mr. Squaggs became very thoughtful.

## Roller Skating.

The present roller skating craze is by no means the first. It is, in fact, the third. There was a very extensive roller skating craze in this country in 1872, when there were many skating rinks and many thousand skaters in various parts of the country, and in some places almost as much excitement over it as there is now. Roller skating balls were established in this city by Mr. Plimpton as long ago as 1865. They were attended by staid and orderly people, including minister, deacons and church members, and on one occasion the good folks astonished their friends, and, in fact, themselves, by skating a waltz figure during Lent. They did not awake to the enormity of the offence until some of the newspapers began to write them up. Roller skating was extensively introduced in schools and continued in private social circles for many years without any attempt to make the skating balls the resort of promiscuous assemblages. In 1866 roller skating was started at Newport in the Atlantic House, and for several years was patronized by the best society. The large dining room of the Atlantic was used for skating, and elegant lawyers, doctors and the most exemplary citizens joined in the sport. In 1870 a considerable number of leading members of New York